Ghe Red Albert-Circle O Payson. Terhune

AUTHOR OF "THE FIGHTER," "CALEB CON-OVER," "SYRIA FROM THE SADDLE," ETC. NOVELIZED FROM PATHE PHOTO PLAY OF THE SAME NAME BY WILL M. RITCHEY.

swer me!"

er of environment warred vallantly

saved you from committing sordid

crimes, when at last the curse over-

took you. You sinned. But always

you sinned that others might be happy.

power," urged Borden. "You can de-

stroy the evil that is in you. You can

save yourself and me. You can do

this. It will be a fearful conflict, but

if you exert all your will-power, you

can win. Will you do this, June? An-

June longed to cry out to him that

she would make the fight; that she

would strive with all her might to

stamp out the curse of the Red Circle.

help me? You will not help yourself?"

way to end it. Even as I hoped, once

its curse. Then, I killed myself and

the lad I thought was my son. If I

had known you were my daughter, you

The gnarled hands clutched at June's

full, white throat in murderous fury.

But the spectral hands-bodiless,

shadowy-were harmless against her

Slowly the impotently murderous

"My-my spirit hands have no pow

er against your human body!" he

He bowed his head in his arms; his

phantom body twitching with emotion.

Then, turning abruptly, without so

much as a backward look at the

trance-held girl, he melted through the

For a moment June remained as he

had left her. Then she shuddered from

head to heel. Her great dark eyes

gradually opened. They were horfor

Dazedly June got to her feet, glar-

ing about the room in abject fright

She moved uncertainly, a step or two.

Then her tense nerves giving away,

she shricked aloud and recled to the

Mary and Lamar, at sound of her

cry, rushed headlong into the room.

They flew to her aid, applying such re-

storatives as were within reach. Pres-

ently, the swooning girl came to her-

self. Looking up, she encountered the

"Oh, Mary!" she gasped, trembling

all over, "I've had such an awful

dream! Such a horrible dream, Mary!

If--if it was a dream! If it was a

Charles Gordon in the lounging

room of his club, read and reread the

flaring headlines that told of June

Travis' arrest on the Red Circle

The lawyer was muttering to him

"Guilty or not-she saved me from

prison. No girl with eyes like hers

is a criminal. If-if it wasn't for

this damnable emberzlement charge

against me, I'd defend her. If only

I could get Farwell to admit I'm inno-

ent, I could practice again. And I be-

Heye I could clear her. But Farwell

He glanced up quickly. A man had

hurried into the room and was speak-

ing excitedly to a litle knot of idlers

"Well!" Gordon heard the newcom

er saying, "I think Silas Farwell has

about paid his debt to those employees

"What's up?" asked Gordon, joining

"I heard this morning that a crowd

to make him settle. He had a lot of

roughneck guards, who scattered them.

But just now, as he was coming hero

"I don't know. I saw part of the

row, from the club steps. It was no

affair of mine, to interfere. Let him

entrance of Farwell himself-hatless,

"I-I got clear from them!" hoarse-

Then Gordon, recognizing the value

of the psychological moment, leaped

forward and seized Farwell by the torn

"Silas Farwell!" thundered Gordon,

"Confess that the embezzlement

charge you made against me was false!

Confess it was a conspiracy—that you

The onlookers remained outwardly

neutral; only pressing closer about

the two, as if not wishing to miss a

"Confess!" ordered Gordon again,

Farwell, gasping, panting, in utter

single detail of the scene.

He was shaking with fear.

the strikers mobbed his auto."

"Did they got him? Or-?"

of his that he's been swindling."

nurse's loving, frightened old face.

"You will not speak? You will not

"My plea cannot move you?" he

But she could not speak.

stormed the wraith.

warm, living flesh.

ishment."

filled and wild.

dream!"

.0

would never-"

the group.

care. He-"

behind him.

coat lapels.

disheveled, panting.

who sat near the door.

floor in a dead faint,

hands withdrew their grip.

closed door and was gone.

"You can conquer the curse by will-

"Circle Jim" Borden, named from a red tribmark on his hand, has served his bird prison term. One in each Borden generation, always a criminal, has born the Red Circle mark. Jim and his soo red, the only known living of the Bor fent, are killed. Next day Lamar see dent, are killed. Next day Lamar see the Red Circle mark. Jim and his son ted, the only known living of the Bordens, are killed. Next day Lamar sees the Red Circle on a woman's hand outdies a curtained automobile. June, marked with the Red Circle robe Grant, a loan shark. Mary, June's nurse, discovers her theft and tells her she is "Circle Jim's" daughter, though Mrs. Travis does not know. Mary tricks Lamar. Lamar visits "Smiling Sam," Jim's old orime partner. Sent to Surfton by Smiling Sam, Alma La Selle roba the guests at a ball. Lamar follows her back to town, captures her with the jewels, and soes after miling Sam. On the edge of a cliff purser and pursued engage in deadly compat. Gordon, a fugitive, rescues Lamar, and June in turn saves Gordon, from arrest. Smiling Sam sees the Red Circle on June's hand, tells her he knows her serret and follows her to her city home. She helps Gordon to get away, after recovering for him the securities receipt which incriminates him by tricking Farwell and Lamar. Lamar suspects June. He captures Smiling Sam. Gordon gives limself up. As he tells June his love, Lamar sees the Red Circle on her hand. Eagan betrays June and dies attempting to escape. June is arrested.

FOURTEENTH INSTALLMENT JUDGMENT DAY

Of course, it was a dream-a vision bred of terror, of suspense, of longcontinued nerve strain. At least so June always tried, in later days, to make herself believe.

But she had not been aware of falling asleep. She was sitting there in the squalld little living room of the fist; brooding miserably over the future; and, seemingly, wide awake. snarled. "I am helpless. It is my pun-Yet, unconscior sly, as she sat there, she may have dozed.

For, as clearly as ever in her life she had beheld anything, she saw. "tircle Jim" Borden come into the

Yes, "Circle Jim" Borden, whose nortal body had been lying in the potter field this many a day.

"Ime," breathed the wraith's voice, 7 am your father-your father, who died. There is no death, save to the body. And I have come back to you. I have come back, because I cannot rest. You alone can give me rest, my daughter."

He paused. And still that strange paralysis held June spellbound.

I sought to wipe out forever the Red Circle ourse. I sought it by ending the lives of those who bore that curse But I falled. You escaped me." The voice was tinged with a tender onging as again the wraith spoke: "June-my little girl, whom I never

knew, in life-you must help me. You and you alone, can aid me now. I cannot rest until the circle is forever gone. While the curse endures, my torture must endure. I long for rest-But there can be no rest for the dead while their evil deeds live on. My sins live on in you, poor daughter of mine. And you alone can crush the awful power of the Red Oircle and give me rest. Your fate is in your own hands. Not only your the but mine. You have the power, I you will but exert it, to save us. Ion slone. You can give me the rest

"I was brought up to crime-to recklessness—to the companionship of outcasts," went on Borden. "There were



Max and Mary Went to Her Ald.

but two clean influences in all my life -my mother and the wife I adored. My mother died before I could understand how much it would have meant his face close to the frightened man's. to her if I had learned to live the life she wished me to. My wife could have saved me, through love. But she died. She died when you were born. And | Hed!" after that nothing mattered to me. I Went on and on, to the end."

A spasm of pain marred his rugged

"With you it was different From babyhood, you were surrounded by

every influence for good. Every powtonight, adopted a resolution pledging PLEDGES SUPPORT necessary to maintain the nation's OF EMPIRE STATE necessary to maintain the nation's honor, and its willingness to support

eres of his foe.

"Confess!" shouted Gordon. "Here! What's all this?" demanded comeone, in the same breath.

Chief Allen had come in, after heading a squad of policemen who had routed the mob. Farwell's back was to the door. He

Gordon's threatening shout of "Con- didn't like it, very much."

But one of the bystanders laid a detaining hand on the advancing toward June. I used all the eloquence chief's arm, and stopped his progress and all the arguments I could muster. toward the center of the group. Allen It was no use," paused a moment, irresolute. And in that moment he heard Gordon reagainst the hereditary curse. And that | peat;

"Confess your charge against me was a lie!"

Under the blaze of Gordon's hypnotic look, Farwell's nerves went I have to-till she gets out of prison; wholly to pieces.

"I-I-" he sputtered "Tell the truth!" demanded Gordon, "or I'll drag you by main force out of this club and throw you to the mob girl on earth for me, chief. I-" of men outside there! The men you've robbed, and who will kill you if

they-"I-I confess!" croaked Farwell, in stark terror. I-"

"You confess what?" insisted Gordon, again shaking his foe back and forth as a puppy might shake a rag. "-I-confess I 'framed' you," bab-

bled the terrified Farwell. "I-I-the charge I made against you was -was false. I-oh, for God's sake, rumbled. "Then there is only one Gordon!" he howled in abject terror, "don't let those devils out there get before, to destroy the Red Circle and hold of me. They'll-"

"One thing more!" broke in Gordon, curtly; his face alight at his victory and at the complete mastery which, should have died, too; even as now, for the moment, he was exerting over you shall die!" more: Will you retract your robbery charge against Miss Travis, and vindicate her? Will you-?"

"Hold on, there!" broke in Chief Allen's peremptory voice. "You're going a step too far, Mr. Gordon. I clear your own name. And I'm mighty glad you were able to. But I can't have you interfering with the Red Circle case. That's a matter for the police. Let it alone! And let Mr. Farwell go."

At sound of the chief's voice, Farwell's vanished courage returned to him with a rush.

"Am I going to withdraw the charge against the Travis girl?" he sneered.

stupidly into the sternly compelling was her son, you know. Though of course she never guessed it and never even heard of him until Miss Travis was accused.

"Well, what-?"

"She came to ask me some questions about him. After the way Mrs. Travis had behaved to June, I was in no mood to handle her with gloves. had not heard Allen enter, and the So I told her, frankly, just what a chief's words had been drowned in rotten sort of a cub the boy was. She

> "I'm not surprised." "Then I tried to soften her heart

"Max." said the chief, suddenly. You're in love with June Travis!"

"Yes," was Lamar's deflant answer "I am. And I'm proud of it. I'm go ing to save her if I can. And if can't, I'm going to wait-a lifetime, if and then I'm going down on my knees to her and beg her to be my wife." "Red Circle and all?"

"Red Circle and all. She's the only Allen's secretary came in with

telegram. The chief glanced at it and

passed it over to Lamar. Max read: "I have a charge to bring against Red Circle Lady for theft of war plans.

"TODD DREW." "There you are," said Allen. "And that's just the start of it. You remember the case. Drew had plans for a superdestructive war implement. He inherited them from his father, the big inventor. He was just going to sell them to a foreign government when a hand snatched them away from him. It was a woman's hand see anything of the woman, except her hand. But it was June Travis. She-" The office door banged open and a man stamped in. It was Grant, the

"The papers say you've caught the Red Circle woman at last. I'm here to make formal charge against her, for locking me in my vault and stealmy desk."

loan shark.

Lamar, sick at heart, got to his feet. Without a word of farewell, he started for the door. Allen looked, quizzically, after him, for a moment. Then he summoned his cleverest plain-clothes

"Follow Lamar." he ordered in a whisper. "And then go to the flat house where June Travis is staying; and watch it till I send to have you



Mrs. Travis Created a Painful Scene in Court,

prosecute her to the bitter end. The thief!"

Chief Allen interposed his muscular bulk between the two men, just in time to prevent Gordon from flying at his enemy's throat.

Next morning, as soon as he could find out where she was living, Gordon went to June's apartment and offered his services as her counsel in the approaching trial. Gratefully, June accepted the offer, being familiar with the reports of his legal skill.

He out short her thanks by saying: "And now, if you don't mind, Miss Travis, we'll go over the case, together; step ly step. If Farwell is of them tried to storm his office again, the only complainant against you. I've a notion I can shut him up by threats of a perjury charge. You know he swore falsely against me. If there are from his factory, for lunch, a lot of no other complaints, you are as good as freed."

But there were other complainants. Plenty of them, as Max Lamar and Chief Allen were at that very moment finding out.

pay for his crookedness, for all I Max had dropped into the chief's private office for a chat with his old The speaker was interrupted by the friend, and to try to enlist his aid in June's behalf. But he found Allen as firm as a rock, in the matter of bringing the Red Circle criminal to jusly panted the fugitive, as he dashed into the room and slammed the door

"I'd like to see it your way, Max." said the chief. "But I can't. I'm an officer of the law. The law has been violated. And it's up to me to do all I can to bunish the violator. I'm sorry. You've got eloquence enough to move anyone but a veteran thief-taker. But I-

"No, I haven't," denied Lamar, mis erably. "I can't even sway the feelings of one cranky fool of a woman." "What woman?" asked the chief, curiously

"Mrs. Travis," growled Lamar. "She came to my office this morning. She remembered I was present when Ted Borden was asphyxiated by old 'Circle Jim.' She knew I'd had some expeconfusion of mind and body, blinked rience with the boy, before that. He

"Of course I'm not. I'm going to relieved. I've a notion she's going to try to bolt and that Max Lamar's going to try to help her do it."

The plain-clothes man was off, like a sleuth hound. He found the double task unexpectedly easy. For Lamar was making for June's apartment as fast as he could go.

The crime specialist vanished into shall!" the apartment house doorway without once turning around. And the plainclothes man lounged idly against a tree across the street; smugly certain that he had not been observed.

Now it happened that Max Lamar was one of the most brilliant detectives in America.

The sixth sense so common to born man-hunters, had told him, before he had gone a hundred yards from police headquarters, that he was followed. He had not turned around to verify this belief. Partly because there was no need to. Partly because he did not want to put his pursuer on guard.

But, the moment he entered the front door of the apartment house, his careless demeanor changed. Stepping quickly to one side, so that he was no longer in view from the street, he turned and moved along the sidewall of the hallway, toward the front door, again, and presently he came to

window that overlooked the sidewalk Flattening himself against the wall, he peeped around the edge of the window frame, for one brief second, only a small portion of his head showing.

That single glimpse told him all he wanted to know. He saw the plainclothes man lottering with apparent simlessness on the far side of the thoroughfare. Lemar recognised him as Warren, one of the most tenacious, quick-witted members of the force.

Having made this discovery, Max Lamar continued on his way to June's apartment Mary let him in. June was still consulting with Gordon, who had just risen to take his leave.

"Mr. Gordon has promised to be my counsel," June told him as the two men cordially shook hands, "He-" "Good," approved Lamar. "You "Farwell isn't the only complain-

ant," corrected Lamar. "I am just from headquarters. While I was there, two more complainants came forward. Todd Drew and Grant."

prowess could save you. But," he

of blank despair. "He says since Mr.

Farwell is the only complainant, he-"

"Mr. Gordon thinks it can,"

added, sadly, "It can't."

"Good Lord!" groaned the lawyer. sinking into a chair. "That settles it. There's not an atom of hope!"

"There is hope!" contradicted Lemar, trying to smile encouragement at the wretched girl who was looking in pitiable question from one man to the other. "There is hope. But only one hope." "What is it?" asked June, feverish

"Just this," decided Max. "And Gordon will agree with me. You must

with anxiety.

run away." "Run away? But-" "You face absolutely certain conviction. Your only chance is to for-

felt your ball bond and escape some-

where outside the jurisdiction of the court. Preferably, to Canada." "You are right," declared Gordon. "It's the only chance. Start at once;

"She can't do that," negatived Lamar. "There's a plain-clothes man-Sam Warren-across the street, watching the house. Before you'd gone a block, he'd-"

"But you said there was a chance! wailed June, distraught.

"There is. As long as Warren's on the job, the chief won't send anyone else to spy on you. We can't do with a Red Circle on it. He didn't anything by daylight. But as soon as it's dark, I'm going to get rid of War-

"How?" asked June, her eyes alight. "If I can help," added Gordon, "count me in."

"You can help," returned Max, gratefully. "You can help a lot. You and I will come back here at eight this eve- ing herself a wicked old woman for ning, Gordon. I'll bring along a rope didn't butt in, while you made him, ing all those promissory notes from and a sack. We'll walk up behind Warren as he stands looking at this she forsake her. house, truss him up, put the sack over his head, trundle him into the alley back there, and the him up to impulse of love toward the stricken one of the telegraph poles."

"Good! Oh good!" laughed June in sudden glee.

"I'm game," said Gordon, briefly. "Meanwhile, Mary," went on Lamar. "Get Miss Travis' things all packed, and be ready to start off with her. I'll buy the railroad tickets today. And I'll have a taxi here to rush you both with the unanimous verdict of to the Union Station, the minute we get Warren out of the way."

June's depression was gone. Her eyes sparkled with toyous excitement. Lamar eved her in wonder. Then his gaze fell to her right hand. The Red Circle was blazing on it like a flery meteor.

Max's heart went out to the afflicted girl, in a great rush of tenderness. "Tonight, at eight, then," he said, her sentence. curtly. "Come along, Gordon. We've a lot to arrange."

June's fevered gayety carried her preparation for her flight. As eight o'clock struck, the trunks

and June tensely awaited the coming of Gordon and Lamar. "I'm going to the front room," said Mary, "and try to get a glimpse of the various indictments against you.

and suftcases were at last ready. Mary

June left alone, looked around to see if anything had been forgotten in the haste of packing. And, as the scrutiny en ? d, she chanced to notice the Red Circle pulsing on her hand. She gazed at it, in a new horror. And, as she looked, the wild elation began

to ebb from her brain. "He said," she murmured, half aloud. "He said-my-my father said-I could wine out the curse, by will nower. He said I could conquer-and I

Long she stood there, her eyes fixed on her handback. "I can conquer, by will power. And, God helping me, I shall!"

Presently, the conflict ceased, as suddenly as it had begun. The beautiful face was calm again-deadly pale, but illumined by a new strength it had never before known. She looked at her hand.

The Red Circle had vanished; never again to return. Into the apartment burst Lamar and

Gordon, with Mary at their heels. "We got him!" cried Lamar. "We

got him, June! We slipped up on him from behind, just as we'd arranged. He's tied and gagged; and he's strapped, hand and foot, to a telegraph pole in the darkest part of the alley. Are you ready, sweetheart? We've no time to waste."

"Thank you, Max," she said, gently. you've risked for me tonight. But-" "There's no time for thanks, Miss

we don't ask for thanks, either of us. turn his head. Hurry! We must be off, before-" "I am not going!" said June, very quietly, yet her face glorified by a was gently drawn back against a womnew light from within.

"What?" cried Lamar. "Not going?

"I am going to stay here," she made smiling answer, "and face my trial!" Three months later, the most sen-

sational criminal trial in the history of the city began—the trial of June Travis on the Red Circle charges. Both Lamar and Gordon had moved heaven and earth in her behalf. But time, dear-with-with a diamond in the ugly fact of her guilt remained un. it!" shaken. Max had besought her to

The resolution, which was drafted "Whereas, The condition of the re- will support the chief executive of this gram, the state constabulary bill, was its unqualified support to President after a series of conferences in which lations of the nation with foreign gov state in any exercise of authority for defeated in the assembly by a vote of ernments may at any moment make that purpose to the full extent of the 67 to 58. Republican leaders vainly

in his arms.

couldn't possibly do better, if legal marry him before the trial and to face the ordeal as his wife. But very gently she had put aside the offer.

"If ever I come to you, dear," she June, wondering at her lover's look had said, "It must be with clean hands and without stain upon my heart. Not till I can be certain the Red Circle has gone forever will I marry you," she had answered. "When I am sure of that-perfectly, perfectly sure of itthen I shall come to you."

Gordon, from the very opening of the trial, struggled with every atom of brain and body to bolster up a hope less case. He warred against over



Max Did Not Turn His Head.

whelming odds and never yielded a single step without flerce opposition. Yet the trial's result was a foregone conclusion,

On the very last day of the trial, Mrs. Travis created a painful scene by rushing into court and throwing her arms around June, weepingly declarhaving turned her back on the girl, and vowing that never again would

Mrs. Travis (her family pride and resentment swept away by a sudden girl she had abandoned) held June close pressed to her heart and cried out sobbingly to the judge:

"She is mine! She is my own little girl! And you shan't send her to prison!"

The jury was out less than half an hour and returned grimly to the box "GUI".TY!

June did not flinch as she heard the word the most terrible word in all our language. The same strange light that had come into her face on the night when she had refused to escape, still glowed there. Calm. unafraid, she listened to the verdict.

With the same calmness, she rose and stood facing the judge, to receive

The judge was an old man. He had known June from babyhood. He had been a close friend of Mrs. Travis' through the rest of the day, through husband, in the early days; and was the ordeal of hasty packing and other still a constant visitor at the Travis home. June pitied him for the grim

task that was now his. "Prisoner at the bar," said the judge, his deen voice untinged by any interpreter. emotion. "A fury of your peers has found you guilty on every count of them. I do hope they haven't made a It is a just verdict. In view of the botch of tying up that police fellow evidence, it was the only verdict the out there—the nasty spy!"

"My own duty is equally clear," he went on. The law, through its administrators, must protect the public. By virtue of my office, it is my preroga- the cid-fashioned boy had one of tive to decide to what extent you are those old ashloned fathers."—Washa menace to the public; and to act accordingly. While there can be no reasonable doubt that you committed lished-to the court's satisfaction, at least-that those crimes were committed under the ctress of a certain psychic influence. The court is also convinced that that evil influence no longer exists. It is the court's belief fallowing in the out rit dimestry—that the influence will not return, and Yes, air, but a hardle like to tall requ longer exists. It is the court's belief that you will thus be no longer a men-

ace to society. "Therefore, I hereby release you, on parole-in the custody of Mrs. Travis.

The remainder of his speech was drowned in a tumult of applause that the court made no imperative effort to check.

A year dragged by. A long, bitter year to Max Lamar, who had found himself unable to shake June's resolve, and who, to keep his promise, had forced himself to remain at a distance from her.

One early spring day he sat in his private office, listlessly going over some papers in a case he was preparing. The warmth and beauty of the "Thank you, both, from the bottom of day called to him, through the open my heart, for all you've done and all window. But he gave it no heed and worked on, with a heavy heart.

The office door opened, slowly, as if Travis," interrupted Gordon. "And pushed by timid fingers. Max did not

> Suddenly, two soft hands were pressed across his eyes; and his head an's breast. With an unbelieving cry of utter joy he sprang to his feet. The next instant, June Travis was

> "Max!" she faltered, when at last he let her speak. 'Tve-I've comeas I promised-to tell you the Red Circle is gone and that it will never come back. And-and to ask you if you'd-if you'd care to replace itwith another circle? A gold one, this

> > (THE END.)

Hopes Women Will Adopt This Habit As Well As Men

Glass of hot water each morn ing helps us look and feel clean, sweet, fresh,

Happy, bright, alert-vigorous and vivacious—a good clear skin, a nat-ural, rosy complexion and freedom illness are assured only by lean, healthy blood. If only lean, healthy blood. If only every woman and likewise every man could realize the wonders of the morning inside bath, what a gratifying change

would take place.
Instead of the thousands of sickly, anaemic-looking men, women and girls with pasty or muddy complexions; instead of the multitudes of "nerve wrecks," "rundowns," "brain fage" and pessimists we should see a virile, optimistic throng of rosy-

cheeked people everywhere.

An inside bath is had by drinking. each morning before breakfast, a glass of real hot water with a tea-spoonful of limestone phosphate in to wash from the stomach, liver, kidneys and ten yards of bowels the previous day's indigestible waste, sour fermentations and polsons; thus leansing, sweetening and freshening the entire alimentary canal before putting more food into the stomach.

Those subject to sick headache, bilousness, nasty breath, rheumatism, colds; and particularly those who have a pallid, sallow complexion and who are constipated very often, are urged to obtain a quarter pound of limestone phosphate at the drug store which will cost but a trifle but is sufficient to demonstrate the quick and remarkable change in both health and appearance awaiting those who practice internal sanitation. We must remember that inside cleanliness is nore important than outside, because the skin does not absorb impurities to contaminate the blood, while the pores in the thirty feet of bowels do. Advertisement.

HOW THAT DID HELP! "See here, sir," yelled the indignant citizen, as he entered the office of the Daily Whoop, "what do you mean by

this article in yesterday's paper?"
"What is it?" asked the editor?"
"What is it?" shouted the indignant citizen. "Why, you refer to me as a greedy jobber."

"That is too bad," replied the editor. "It is a typographical error, and I am sorry it appeared as it did." "Oh, very well," answered the in dignant citizen. "I accept your apol-

"I don't know how that fool linotype man came to set the word 'jobber,' "
added the editor. "I wrote the word
'robber' very plainly."—Exchange.

A CAUTIONS JUDGE

(From the Boston Transcript.)
"Safety First" seems to be the motto some of the Judges in the West indies. When an alien prisoner is brought before them, they consider the possibility of a gunboat from the coulprit's native land popping in to make trouble.

It is told that a Hayti magistrate, on examining a prisoner, found that he was from Switzerland.

"Switzerland," he mused, "Switzer land has no seacoast, has it?" "No seacoasts, your Honor,' said the

"And no navy?" "No navy, your honor." "Very well, then," said the Judge;

"I'll give him a year at hard labor." THE DIFFERENCE "The old-fashioned boy used to respect every word his father said. "Yes," replied the rather cynical outh. "but you must remember that

ington Star

reasonable doubt that you committed the crimes wherewith you were the charged, yet it has also been established after an American drug store," explained the Grand Vizier, "Some fine effects, chi?"

Teacher-Some one has been throw-

Teacher-A very honorable feeling James; you may alt flown. Rend the Circ | Ond Ada 6

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SCOWCROFT'S "Never-Rip" Overalls and a "Maderite" Work Shirt

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RATHER

"Has rather a weak chin, hasn't "Hasn't enough chin to rest a cigarette against.

> Read the Classified Ads. Read the Classified Ats

Aubany, N. Y., April 20 .- The Re-

Governor Whitman "in any exercise of authority for that purpose to the publican legislature of New York, in full extent of the rethe closing hours of the 1916 session, state."

Wilson and to congress in any action Governor Whitman and leaders of both parties participated, follows: "Whereas, A crisis in the relations of the United States and foreign na-

necessary action on the part of the state in upholding the nation's honor,

resources of the state;
"Resolved, That the legislature is

of the United States and foreign nations was disclosed by the address of
the president of the United States beunqualified support in any action netogether the president of the United States beunqualified support in any action neresolution."

"Resolved, That the legislature pledto carry out the full purpose of this
event of its being called out of the fore the joint segsion of congress; and ceasary to maintain that honor, and A part of the preparedness pro- state.

urged that the measure, which had already passed the senate, was neces-